

A Small Universe

by Thinkykaleidoscope

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A.

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Summary: What happens when you're a super soldier that crashes on a foreign planet and an intergalactic bounty hunter finds you? Trouble. Especially when you are there because of your new found friend's enemy. Of course, things don't always go as planned. Rated T for language and violence.

1. Chapter 1

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I certainly would love some advice or criticism. As I said in the description, I'm not sure exactly when this takes place in the Halo side of things. I would check the years that each game took place, but my resource is not with me right now. I hope you enjoy!

This galaxy, she knew it all too well. She had been here more times, more times than she could keep count of. It was like any other time she would be here though, on terms of business. The Galactic Federation once again wanted her to do their dirty work. There was an unusual amount of Space Pirates appearing in the GF territory, which was something they were greatly against. Of course, she had to find the source, and she was very certain of what it was.

How obvious it was though, and how the GF hadn't seen it, puzzled her. Somehow, somewhere, Dark Samus had resurrected herself. That or Ridley had found a new source of power, or had his metal coat plastered back onto him, giving the Space Pirates a false sense of security thus striking again. Even though she knew that it was one of the two, she wasn't sure how it started or where it did, and that's why she had this undertaking. She had been searching for them for six days and eleven hours. So far, she had only come across small fleets of the pirates and one small base that had been there for two weeks or less it seemed.

She glanced at the radar, nothing in peculiar though. She then gazed out at the stars, nothing new. Sometimes she wondered why she wasted her time on this. Half the time she only did the job to eliminate Space Pirates and to receive her pay. She slumped in the pilot's seat, letting out a sigh. If she didn't find something by the end of this week, which was in four days, she would head back to Earth delivering the bad news. She stared out the neon green windshield for a few more minutes, deep in thought. As she did so, something caught her eye.

Something was entering the atmosphere of Tallon IV. In her mind, it had to be the pirates. No doubt about it. There was nothing else that came to mind that would be on the only planet with phazon still on it. If it were something else, it would be after the same thing as the pirates. Though she had that feeling that it was the Space Pirates, something in the back of her mind was telling her otherwise.

After twenty minutes or so, she made it to the planet's surface. She exited the gunship, then commanding it to examine the area to find whatever had crashed. She looked around. It was the same as when she left it except the Chozo ruins were no longer in place. She strolled around; nothing seemed out of place, except for one thing. As she left the landing site, she came across a path of trees that were ablaze and knocked onto the ground. She followed the path for some two hundred feet before stumbling across what she was looking for.

She was dead wrong. It was far from the technology if the Space Pirates, or the GF for that matter. In fact, it seemed to be older, and not as complex. The first thing she noticed was the scattered bodies surrounding the outside of the pod. She could only imagine what the inside looked like. She scanned the dead, not receiving much more data than: Deceased.

They were human, wore a more durable armor, nothing like the GF troops. On the side of the pod, there were the letters: UNSC. She figured that that's whom they belonged to. She finally entered the pod. Less were on the inside, which she was grateful for. She looked around, instantly noticing someone that was clad in armor that was a shade or two darker than olive green. She stared at the opaque, golden visor. She quickly scanned him. He was still alive, and very, very strange. Whether he was human or not she couldn't be too sure of for the suit's system wasn't being very clear. He seemed to be the only survivor of the crash. She tapped the visor.

"Adam," She said to the AI, "Land the ship near my location. There's one left from the crash."

Adam quickly responded to the command, leading the ship towards her direction. "Was it the Space Pirates as predicted, or something else lady?"

"They're a human of some sort. My suit is having a hard time collecting the data."

"When you board the ship I'll see what I can do with the data. Is there anything else?"

"No, that'll be all, thank you." She closed the line.

She examined the armor; it was nothing like she had seen before. It was damaged, but not to any extent that would keep it from working properly. In the back of the helmet, she pulled a small chip. It was strange. Very strange. It must've had some purpose. She scanned this, finding out that it was an AI chip, the AI still safe and sound inside. She walked out of the destroyed pod and back into the open. She continued to examine the chip. Suddenly, something tackled her to the ground.

She flipped over, still under the weight of whatever hit her. It was the man that she had just been examining moments ago. He didn't have any weapon with him to her knowledge, so he kept pounding her visor. She charged the armor cannon with him oblivious to it. She shot him, sending him a few feet back and off her. She changed the beam to the nova beam and shot him various times while he was slightly dazed, and finished her attack with a super missile. She was certain that would have killed him, but she couldn't see through the smoke that had arisen. As she was changing the visor to thermal to see through it, she was once more pushed to the ground. She was hit in the visor with the end of a pistol, shattering the visor. She was defenseless for the moment, his foot pressing the arm cannon against the ground.

This was quite the startling sight. What he was fighting was not a robot, not a man, but a woman of the finest features. He now stared into the woman's eyes, which were filled with a blazing fire of anger. He ripped the chip from her grasp and got off. She instantly got off the ground, charging the armor cannon and pointing it at him. He merely pushed the arm cannon so it was pointing to the ground. He inserted Cortana's chip back into the helmet. The woman calmed down, just standing and staring at him.

"Whoâ€| who are you?" She asked, taking deep breathes.

He glanced at her. She was bizarre; her suit was the first thing that he noticed; its bright coloration of orange, yellow, and red. He had never seen such an elaborate design for armor. What caught his attention the most though were her eyes that were once protected by the neon green visor. They were a bright blue, almost to an unnatural scale. Her herself, was rather pale compared to other humans he'd seen.

"Who are you?" She repeated the question, only now her tone was harsher.

Suddenly something flew over head landing not too far away. It had the same color scheme as the woman's armor, so he figured it must've been hers.

"Who are you?" He asked in his usual monotone.

"I'm known to most as the Hunter." Something about that just didn't sound welcoming. "If you tell me who you are, then I'll get you off of this planet. Alright?"

"Do you need to know who I am?"

"If you don't want to be left on this hell of a planet, then

yes."

"Most people call me Chief, Master Chief."

"Alright then, let's get going."

He followed her back to her gunship. He knew that it wasn't the best idea, but he didn't want to be stuck on this planet. For sure, the UNSC would never find him if that was the case. If was a few minutes before they reached the ship, but he didn't mind. She boarded the ship before him. The ship was roomier than he would have thought it to be.

"Hello again lady. Who might this be?"

"Adam, this is Master Chief."

"Lady, may I ask how your visor was broken?"

"Ask him."

"I'll go straight to having the helmet repaired."

She removed the helmet, placing it on a counter. She had long blonde hair, a rather thin face, and those gorgeous eyes. He just stared at her.

"Is something wrong?" She looked at him with a puzzled look. He shook his head. "Why didn't you kill me?"

"I don't kill humans unless it's absolutely necessary."

"Yeahâ€| human." She looked down at the floor, slightly saddened.

"Is there something wrong with being human?"

"Soâ€| You're human according to the little data I collected, but that's not the case, is it? You're the only one that had that armor, and the only one to live. Tell me, what you are if not human."

"That's none of your business Hunter."

"It is. I'm the one getting you off this planet, so you are going to tell me."

He just leaned against the wall, not responding. If he ever wanted to get back 'home' then he would eventually have to speak. For the moment, he wasn't in the mood. Something about her seemed more than odd, like her strength. Just about no regular person would stand a chance against him, as that usual was the case, but she fought back, and she did pretty well in doing so.

"Is there a reason they call you Hunter?"

"I'm a bounty hunter."

Great, I'm stuck with a ruthless killer.

He merely tilted his head back, crossing his arms.

"I didn't say psychopath. It'll be about four days until we arrive at our next destination, so you had better come up with something to talk about, like yourself. Oh yeah, I'm very good at telling what you're thinking by your actions."

"What's the difference, both kill; both psychopaths and bounty hunters enjoy it."

"I never said I like to kill, I justâ€| was trained how since I was a mere child, so I'm rather skilled at it."

That caught him off guard. He could easily emympathize for her, the lack of childhood, being force to become someone, or something, you're not for the safety of those who never thank you for your sacrifice. "I know how you feel."

"Explain." She spun the chair around and stared at him with a hint of curiosity.

"I was six when they kidnapped me from my home planet. From that age I was trained and experimented on to become a war machine."

"I was three when all the life on my planet was wiped out by the Space Pirates. If it weren't for the Chozo, I wouldn't be here."

"Chozo?"

"Yes, Chozo. They were a race of alien, bird-like creatures that were advanced in many subjects, many about the knowledge of the galaxies and how they became what they are, and how they will end. But their technology, unmatched to this day. The Space Pirates had followed them to K-2L, my home planet, and they obliterated everything, everyone. The Chozo went unharmed though, found me, and I became their 'hatchling'. I trained with them until I was fifteen, and then I left. To this day, I don't know why I made such a foolish mistake to leave them on their own. Not long after I had left, Zebes, the planet that they lived on, was taken over by Space Pirates, and not a single Chozo remained. All my life I've worked solely to avenge them and my people. "

"Life is cruel, isn't it?"

"Very much soâ€| I'm going to go rest now. If you need something I'll be in my room." She stood up and walked into her room, shutting the door behind her.

"She is a strange person indeed." Cortana blurted out.

"Not strange, just puzzling."

"I want to learn more about her, would you kindly insert my chip into the ship so I can learn more about her from the database?"

"Cortana, you do know that if you get caught she may kill us?"

"I'm aware of this; now let me read the files."

He inserted the chip into the ship as asked and sat down. Cortana would probably take a few hours collecting all the data she could get. He dozed off after a few minutes or so.

After two hours of rest, she woke up at last. She had forgotten for the slightest moment about her 'guest' and was startled at first to see him there. She glanced at the computer system, watching the AI. She didn't mind this too much. Her attention was on him again, and she had the slightest curiosity of what he looked like. She made sure the AI had her full attention on the files before she crept over to his side. She gently lifted the helmet.

She was shocked by how pale he was. His hair was dark, almost black. Scars were scattered on his face, one on his cheek, one stretching from his forehead, finishing at the bridge of his nose, and one where he had busted his lip. There were faint freckles dotting his cheeks. His nose was misaligned from being broken at some point.

She caressed the side of his face. She was enjoying the company for she was usually alone on her missions. But this time, it was different. She had him to accompany her. Working with someone wasn't necessarily her strong suit, but she loved it, not being alone. She only hoped that he would want to assist her, but hope had failed her before, many, many, times before.

After a minute or two, he opened his eyes and gawked at her. She had a soft smile, rosy cheeks, and glistening eyes. People always stared at her so she was used to it.

"You're quite the striking person." She said softly. "Here's your helmet." She placed it in his lap. "I'm sorry; I just wanted to make sure you were human."

"That's alright. You never can be too sure, can you?" His voice was shaky.

"Did I infringe you? I didn't mean to. Because I'm alone so often, sometimes I forget boundaries."

"It's fine as long as you didn't do anything." He replaced his helmet.

"What? Oh, I would never!"

"That's good to know."

"So, does your AI have a name?"

"Her name is Cortana."

"It's nice to meet you Samus Aran." Cortana returned.

That caught her off guard. She should have known that the AI would do something like that, as all do. Her face turned slightly red.

"Lovely name for a lovely girl!" He mumbled.

"Isn't that a male name though?" Cortana queried.

"No, no it's not." She took the chip out from the computer. "I believe this is yours." She handed it to him.

"Thanks."

"So Samus, exactly who is the leader of the Space Pirates, Ridley or Dark Samus?" Cortana sat down on his shoulder.

"Dark Samus if she's alive, Ridley if not. If neither, then they crumble."

"You have an evil double?"

"Unfortunately. She is a real bitch."

"Hey Chief, imagine you having an evil double. How terrible would that be?" Cortana giggled.

"You should hope not Cortana."

"You said that you were trained as a living war machine, what are your people fighting?"

"The Covenant, the Flood, and anything else that threatens humanity."

"You have a lot on your hands then. Would you like me to take you back from whatever place you came from, or would you possibly help me?"

"It wouldn't hurt to help you."

"Thank you."

"What are the metroids, friend or foe? Your data contradicts itself. It says that they can wipe out the entire life on a planet and that you kill them to keep them from doing so, but it says here that they have saved your life."

"Foe. It was one metroid that I consider a friend, but he is no more. If that's all, I would prefer to sit here, in silence."

As she wished, they not sat there, in silence.

2. Chapter 2

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** I should have mentioned I favor dialog. That's why everyone was so talkative last time. But, if you have read the Halo novel by Eric Nylund, you would know that the Master Chief isn't oh so silent. He probably doesn't say much in the games because you have to pay voice actors, typically word by word.**

** Anyways, I made a few changes to the first chapter. I would suggest going back and rereading (also because it has been a long time since the first chapter) just so this chapter isn't as confusing. I hope this chapter is as enjoyable as the first!**

As she had requested, they now sat in silence. He wasn't going to bother asking about these 'metroids', for she seemed aggravated over the subject, and he certainly didn't want to get on the bad side of a bounty hunter. So far, she seemed extremely nosey, and he wasn't sure if he was going to be able to put up with that for more than a few days.

While he was deep in thought, the ship suddenly jerked forward, making him almost fall out of his seat. Something on a screen began to flash red.

"We have company!" She yelled, obviously angered.

The ship made a sharp turn so they were facing the enemy. It was a fleet of Space Pirate ships, and they seemed to be protecting something behind them. There was a huge burst of light as she shot down a few of the armada. "Just to let you know, I hate space battles, always have, always will." The ship took some heavy damage a few moments after.

As she continued to shoot them down, a distorted image suddenly appeared, followed by a menacing cackle. On the screen was a metallic blue t-shaped helmet with a neon blue visor. "Long time no see Hunter!" It hissed.

"All for the better of course!"

"Oh, how rude. I thought you would have loved to see me again!"

"Shut up!"

"I find you, to be quiteâ€¢ annoying. Catch me if you can, princess!" The dark ship identical to Samus's flew off rapidly.

Of course, she went after it. They must have pasted at least a dozen planets before Dark Samus and her small fleet went out of sight. He could tell that this was obviously her enemy, Dark Samus. So far, the two seemed very different. Samus's only emotions so far were rage and curiosity, on the other side, Dark Samus was a sarcastic, sassy, and an arrogant version of her. But they shared one emotion, hatred. Why they hated each other slightly puzzled him. Was it because one stole the others identity? Was it something to do with birthrights? He figured it probably was the first option.

"To hell with her!" She slammed her fist on the control panel. She took a few deep breaths and calmly said: "Adam, have you repaired my helmet yet?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Thank you, now track down that she-devil."

"As you wish." Adam quickly got to work.

"What makes Dark Samusâ€¢ dark?" He finally asked.

"Phazon. That's all she is. Phazon and her game of pretend. She has no soul, no mind, and yet she manages to come back over, and over,

and over againâ€|" Her voice became weak. "Or maybe I'm the weaker one, or I just can't do my job. Maybe Old Bird was right and I still am a hatchling." She dried her eyes with the back of her hand.

"My guess is that Dark Samus will regenerate as long as there is phazon." He said serenely in hopes of not angering her.

"I would shoot you if you weren't aware of how obvious that is."

He couldn't think of anything else to say. There was something more to her; something that seemed off, though that could have just been him and his lack of emotions finding her extreme use of them to be different. The rest of the day (which was only a few hours) was finished in silence. It was almost too quiet for Cortana's taste, and she kept mentioning bits and pieces of information she had read. Eventually he fell asleep in the chair again, waiting for the next long day to begin.

How childish he must think I am.

She stared at him while he rested. She was ashamed of how she acted early, so expressive, incredibly senseless. What made her feel even worse was that she had acted as if she didn't know how to fight earlier when skirmishing against him.

She contacted Admiral Dane, whom of which she was never too fond of, and informed him on her encounter with Dark Samus. Admiral Dane seemed to be overjoyed about this news, and that plucked a nerve. What he must have forgotten was that Dark Samus would take a long time to exterminate, and that it would have been better if it were just the Space Pirates appearing more frequently. She ended the line after a minute or two, sighing in despair. She really only wanted to take down Dark Samus for personal reasons, not that fact that she was being paid or the fact that it could save the universe. It was the same case with Ridley and any other creature working with or for the Space Pirates. When it came to the Space Pirates, she could only ever see misery, hear pleas of innocence that were ignored, and feel the flames of the fire that destroyed everything in its path. All the Space Pirates represented is terror, cruelty, and an arising fear of a child that wouldn't have had hope if not for the Chozo. Even now though, that child still lacks the hope she needs with the constant reoccurrences of her enemies.

She slumped back in the pilot's seat, staring out into the vacuum of space. The stars dotted the sky, and most would say that it is a fabulous sight, but to her, it was nothing more than an empty void. The light hum of the engine lulled her to sleep at last.

How was this one? Better? Worse? I just hope you liked it. Sorry this one was shorter, I've been busy with my other fan fiction. Anyways, leave a suggestion or critique if you like; I would definitely appreciate it!

3. Chapter 3

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** I was going through the reviews again. I noticed you people had a

few questions. First, the pod came from wherever you want it to. I know as the author I'm supposed to supply all information, but I'll let you be creative. Next, someone said Samus would have been thinking of questions, not sleeping. Maybe she was sleeping on it. Also, about her just being generous and letting him join her on her quest despite breaking her visor; simple answer, she is generous to the fact that he just didn't kill her (a broken visor isn't much in her book). Not to mention, she's going to need some help taking down Dark Samus again. Lastly, how the two universes are connected. The universe is never ending thus vast, so for all we know there are pink fluffy unicorns in one and the next planet is never ending doom.**

"I just hope that this Dark Samus thing will be found quickly and killed just as fast so we can get back home. The UNSC must be worried sick about you! You should have just asked if she could bring you back home!" She heard a faint female voice yell.

"Help the innocent once in a while Cortana."

"You should be careful. She is less of an innocent person than a bastardized bounty hunter that could kill you in your sleep John!"

"For once can my ideals by right?"

"Of course, but not in this instance. We need to be home, not here. Not to mention, there are tons of innocent people that could die while you're trapped out here!"

"Thousands of innocent people could die out here as well."

"This isn't our war. It's not our problem. We don't even know if we're fighting for the right side!"

"Will you calm down? It is fine. It's not like we were at the climax of the war."

She woke up, amused by their argument. So far, she most definitely preferred this Master Chief compared to his AI Cortana. She sat up, stretched her arms, and began to speak.

"So you were shot down by the Space Pirates?"

"I guess so," Cortana rolled her eyes. "It's obvious now that that was what we were shot down by Blondie. Unlike you we have brains."

"What put you in such a bad mood?"

"She is worked up because she wants to go home rather than help you. Don't take it personally, she doesn't know better."

"I've had to deal with many AIs, so she is fine as long as she doesn't do anything to the ship."

"I doubt she would do that."

"Good to know. By the way, I wouldn't kill him in his sleep, but I would corrupt you."

"I doubt you have enough aptitude to do that." Cortana crossed her arms.

"How much time until we arrive at our next location?"

"I'm not sure. Hey Adam, when do we arrive?"

"In thirteen hours lady." Adam replied quickly.

"Thank you. We arrive in thirteen hours."

"And thank you." He responded blandly.

"So, your name is John?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Cortana called you that early."

"Maybe you heard wrong."

"I doubt that, but if you prefer that I don't call you by your name I'll respect that."

"Thank you."

"Are you hungry?" She walked over to a cabinet.

"Slightly."

"I'll make some soup if that's alright with you."

"That's fine. Thank you again."

"No problem."

After a few minutes, she handed him a bowl. She sat down in the usual chair and ate her soup, glancing at him occasionally. He hadn't touched it yet. She spun around to face the control panel. She opened a folder and viewed it. A thousand years old or not, she still enjoyed classical music. She finished quickly, thus putting the soup bowl in the sink to wash later.

OoO

"Are you going to eat your soup or not?" She finally asked.

"Maybe later."

"I thought you said you were hungry?"

"You're staring at me like a falcon, how am I supposed to feel comfortable?"

"You have to be comfortable to eat soup?"

"No, I just don't like people staring at me."

"You don't want me to see your face again. I'm not ignorant like

Cortana keeps implying. Is it because you're shy?"

"I'm not shy."

"Good, you shouldn't be. Someone all strong and muscular like you shouldn't be."

"I'm flattered," He said sarcastically. "But I just don't like people knowing my appearance."

"That way your enemies can't find you when you have free time and are relaxing?"

"I don't have time to relax and I never have free time."

"Ditto. The Galactic Federation sends me here and there and I never have time for myself."

John really wanted her to be quiet. He couldn't understand why she was asking some many questions. It was becoming very obnoxious very quickly. If he could, he would have put a muzzle on her like a dog; that or knock her out completely. After a while of her asking, he quit answering. She finally stopped once he didn't reply. Silence was most definitely golden here.

After a few hours, he ate the soup for the sake of not starving. Besides, cold soup is better. All this sitting was starting to make him sore, but he was almost too tall to stand in here. Twelve more hours of this to endure, less than an hour of tolerance. Not to mention, she kept the room warmer than a desert. Of course, there was the curse of perspiration.

After a while, it was starting to become obvious that he was sweating.

"If that's you creating that stench, I suggest taking a shower. I am not going to spend twelve hours with that smell filling the ship." Samus commented.

"Thank you." He dashed into the bathroom, no questions asked.

OoO

"Alright, Cortana. I'm going to pick your brain a little."

"Pick my brain? You think I'll give you information?'

"If you want him to life then answer my questions."

"What do you mean? You said you wouldn't kill him. Besides, he probably would kill you first."

"The ship does have the ability to release toxic gases. I could suffocate him while he washes off. So, is the Master Chief important to you or not?"

"What do you want to know?" Cortana sat down and crossed her legs.

"That's what I thought. First off, how is he able to wear that armor all the time? It must be heavy, and I doubt any normal human could use it."

"Muscle enhancement was one of the various augmentations done to them."

"Them? So there are more?"

"Not many more nowadays."

"Question number two: why is he soâ€œ? "She had to think of the right thing to say. "Dull?"

"One of the risks of having the catalytic thyroid implants was a suppressed sexual drive."

"So not all of them are emotionless super soldiers?"

"If that's how you want to put it, then I guess so."

"Last one for right now. Where is he from?"

"As in home planet? Why is that important?"

"I just want to know for future reference."

"Where are you from?"

"The agreement was you answer and I ask. Not vice-versa."

Cortana sighed and slouched. "The Eridanus system; to be exact, Eridanus II."

"Interesting."

"Where do you come from?"

"I like to consider Earth home, but I am originally from K-2L."

"Does that stand for anything?"

"If it does, then I haven't been notified yet. I don't remember much about the planet besides the forest, the town, and that it belongs to the Farsmuâ€œ? " She began to laugh.

** Sorry for all the dialogue! To make it up to you, they'll reach their designated location next chapter. Let me simplify the catalytic thyroid implant thing. It was step number three of enhancing the Spartans. Growth hormones were injected into them to enhance skeletal growth as well as muscle growth. If you don't believe me about the suppressed sexual drive being a side effect of that, quote me on it. In *Halo: The Fall of Reach* by Eric Nylund, chapter six, page sixty-four. It is listed as a risk right after elephantiasis, which means that isn't exactly intended.**

** Anyways, I hope this chapter was decent. I had to restart from scratch after changing the idea for this. If you have an idea, suggestion, or critique, feel free to let me know.**

4. Chapter 4

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** Sorry for such a long wait, I've been juggling a lot on my schedule. WHY, BUSY SCHEDULE, WHY? Anyways, my brain is fried like an egg, and I am trying to motivate myself to write even though I would like to lie down on the floor (the floor?) and sleep; then I'll look dead and my sisters will leave me alone.**

After hours upon hours of waiting, they finally reached the designated location of Twin Tabula. It was still that dry, lifeless, hunk of rock orbiting FS-176. The sky was dark, the ground was more like dust than sand, and the wind was strong. Even the rocks seemed to be dead with their weak structure and lack of color. The whole planet itself seemed as if it had suffered from that mutant disease some months ago.

"Oh, here is a gift from me to you." She pressed a button on the side of a wall, revealing a plethora of guns. "I got them when I was younger and I haven't really used them. Whatever you want, you can keep."

Far off there was a huge vessel that was obviously the Space Pirates'. There was a small fleet of ships and no sign of Dark Samus. They landed some two hundred yards away in a small cavern. The two trekked a while with nothing said. After hiking some seventy yards, John finally thought of something to say.

"Why is the planet in this condition?"

"There was a horrendous disease a few months ago that destroyed every bit of lifeâ€¦ and I personally believe that it destroyed everything including the planet itself." She responded, barely audible.

"Does it have to do with this stuff you call phazon?"

"It would be so much easier to deal with if that was the case."

"Why did the Space Pirates come here rather than somewhere else?"

"There's nothing here and because of that fact the Galactic Federation doesn't have a surveillance of the planet even though it's their territory, thus this is a prime location for the Space Pirates to reside on."

"Logical."

"Obviously. As we approach I suggest you be silent or open up a private line because they have patrols everywhere and they have keen hearing to some extent."

As they progressed, they had multiple encounters with some patrols. They killed them with furtiveness and it was very quick fight. After some time the partners reached the main vessel. Samus scanned it searching for an entrance. She found a small opening perfect for the

morph ball.

She opened a line, "Do you think you could wait here for a minute or two?"

"Of course, but ten minutes at the most."

"It shouldn't take long. If there are any problems, I'll contact you."

She turned into the morph ball, catching him by surprise. She blew off the cover to the entry and rolled inside. There weren't any obstacles and the path was continuing in the same direction. One minute passed and she found a panel that could be blown up with a morph bomb. The room had some chatting Space Pirates that were laughing about something. One entered the room and yelled at the three thus their conversation ended.

She rolled down the passage and through the exit. He was obliterating a group of five or six, and had already blasted ten or so to bits. She bumped his foot, startling him, and began to roll back through the passage.

"Come one." She said over the line.

"You really think that I could fit through there?"

"You'll have to crawl."

He got down on his stomach and managed to enter the undersized tunnel. He tried to fall not too far behind but crawling wasn't the fastest way to get around and the morph ball had a remarkable speed. After a minute or two, she stopped moving. She placed a bomb and moved away. The bomb created an aperture and she fell through. He managed to get through but fell on his head.

She transformed into her regular form and began to attack the startled aliens. Once the few were dead, they commenced. It puzzled him why she shot the doors rather than opening them like anyone else would. She didn't run, but walked briskly. She was calm when encountering enemies. She never seemed to falter and never took damage. It was certainly a mystery to him how she could be so calm and focused unlike earlier how she was a curious and livid person.

A screech was heard not too far from their current location. It echoed through the vessel, through the lengthy halls, and yet she knew exactly where it came from.

"It's in the center of the ship." She said aloud. "Follow me." She began to run.

"What was it though?"

"It was a space dragon, a purple space dragon to be exact."

"Space dragon? Are you serious?"

"Dead serious. It's thanks to that thing that various planets have had life completely obliterated."

"A dragon? I still don't-."

The path in front of them was unexpectedly ripped open by a purple space dragon.

"I told you so!" She began to shoot rapidly at it.

"Oh hello there Hunter!" It cackled. "I see you brought me a friend to devour!"

"We're not technically friends." She shot a super missile down its throat whilst it roared.

It swooped down knocking Samus into the wall with its tail. She appeared that she went unharmed for she got back up and continued to attack it. It completely ignored John, giving him the advantage. Whilst it was occupied with its scrimmage with her, he shot at it, causing slight damage. He decided to aim for its eyes. He did so, and the dragon let out a scream that was bloodcurdling. It then directed its attention to him. It then darted itself at him like a torpedo. He unsheathed his dagger as the creature came closer. As it prepared to annihilate him, he slid underneath it and ran the dagger through its chest and stomach. The creature let out another screeched. It flew a few feet further before it fell to the ground, dragging itself. It pressed its hand against the laceration, trying to hold in whatever organs were spilling out.

Behind Samus's visor, she made a face of disgust. He went unscathed. The creature cried out more and more, each one full of more pain, and each one weaker.

"Time to go."

OoO

On his visor, a countdown popped up. It read 0:04:52.

_ "Cortana, why is there a countdown?" _

_ "Self destruct sequence of course." _

_ "Why do we not ever have to run from self destruct sequences?" _

_ "I don't know, ask the Covenant, not me!" _

As Samus led, he followed. He watched the countdown anxiously. After navigating through the twisting halls and fallen rubble, they finally reached the exit with thirty seconds or so left. Even though they had made it out she kept running. He didn't even bother to stop and watch the ship explode for it was something he had seen so many times before. After its explosion, she went at a slower pace.

"That should make the Galactic Federation very pleased." She muttered. "Adam, please send my ship to our location."

The bright orange, hunter class ship appeared in moments. He entered the gunship and sat down where he had before. With a bright flash, the power suit dematerialized. He was surprised to see that underneath was a cyan suit that revealed much of her figure. He was shocked at how slender she was.

"Don't even think that you're going to wear your helmet in here." She took off his helmet.

"Since when has that been a rule?"

"I prefer seeing a face rather than a golden, opaque visor."

"Could I at least have my helmet?"

"No, you'll put it on again, and I don't want you to hide such a handsome face." The end of her sentence was barely audible.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." She sighed.

"Give me my helmet, now."

"No, I want to examine it."

She studied the helmet with a look of interest on her face. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms. After two minutes, she gave it back. She may have given it back, but she kept Cortana.

"I need that." He stuck out his hand.

"Yeah, you aren't going to get this back so easily. You'll have to work for it."

"What?"

"Whatever I say, you'll do if you want this AI back."

"What happened to you being so calm and focused and not so cynical?"

"I act differently when I'm not on the job."

"I prefer you when you're on the job then."

"First of all, don't nag me. Second, lose the armor."

His eyes widen. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me, lose the armor."

"You can shoot me first."

"I mean take off the armor, not strip down. You have that suit underneath your armor, you can wear that."

"Why do you want me to do that?"

"You make me feel uncomfortable wearing the bulky armor while I wear the zero suit."

"Then wear the power suit."

"I don't like to in the gunship."

"I'm not going to-."

"I'm not afraid to hurt her." She flipped the chip into the air.

"Do you have to be so asinine?"

"That's very nice of you." She smirked and crossed her arms.

He went into her room and began to remove the armor. It was a good ten minutes before he finally got every piece off. It didn't make much of a difference in truth, unlike her armor, which completely hid her figure. He looked around the small room. Nothing special, but it did help him realize just how tired he was. A nap sounded fabulous, but this was her room.

He finally stepped out to find her conversing with someone.

"I'm still searching for Dark Samus. She isn't the easiest person to find."

"Well, find her quickly!"

"Of course." She closed the transmission.

"Who was that?"

"Admiral Dane. He is always sending me on these missions. He is the reason I never get to go back to Earth for more than a week at a time; I hate the lack of vacation." She spun around to face him. "You look more muscular like that."

"What does that have to do with this?"

"I was just commenting on how you look. Isn't it more comfortable not having to lug around that armor all the time?"

"It has a name."

"I know, MJOLNIR Mark V, but do you think I want to have to pronounce that every time I address it?"

"Mark IV and I'm guessing you don't."

"You're a good guesser then."

"Cortana says its luck."

"Luck doesn't exist."

"I know, but one of the most intelligent beings in the universe persist that it does."

"Dr. Halsey said it before I did."

"You practically are Dr. Halsey, except you are an AI and she is a real person. And you're younger than her."

"Yeah, an AIâ€|" Cortana sighed.

** I'm just going to put the usual 'please leave a review, suggestions and critiques are welcomed' routine. I think I'm going to go read now, or play dead, whichever is more fun.**

5. Chapter 5

Disclaimer: All content is owned by Nintendo, Microsoft, and 343 Industries. The only thing I own is the plot to this story!

** I don't have much to say. The only good thing isâ€¦ well, nothing. How is everyone's life? Good? Nonetheless, commence!**

They began working their way to the next location.

John began munching on an apple. He wasn't certain of their next location; he had heard Samus say it was a planet called Oorimine II. According to the files that Cortana had gathered on the planet, Samus had never been to the planet. The planet has abundance of turmoil, a single moon, and for an atmosphere: nuclear dust storms. So far, the planet sounded just fabulous.

_ "I think that she likes youâ€¦ a lot." _Cortana suggested after some time in silence.

"What made you come to that conclusion?" He rolled his eyes. "You can't just say things because you dislike someone."

_ "Just because you roll your eyes like a stubborn child doesn't mean I'm going to be sarcastic in return. And you forgot how she stares at you with those ocean blue eyes and bats her eyelashes." _

"That was sarcastic."

_ "The point is, is that she kind of seems a little too nice to just be an acquaintance." _

"I think you're overreacting. At the moment, you seem to be the only love bird here."

_ "I don't have feeling as extreme as that for you and you know that very well!" _

"Do you Cortana? You are overly defense of me, and you've only been like that since I've been near her. I think she intimidates you."

_ "Your assumption is irrational! Stop trying to get into my head! The only person inside another person's head is me!" _

"Stop being pessimistic then."

_ "I'm going to go converse with Adam about our next location. You win this round." _

Why Cortana kept assuming these things, he would never understand. Whatever Cortana claimed Samus was doing, he was almost oblivious to. Cortana should know that he would never like her even to the extent of friendship. They were only associates, and that was good enough.

He listened as Samus hummed a very heroic tune. He would have asked her what it was she was humming, but he didn't want to disturb her as she was deep in thought and he wanted to listen further. The tune echoed through the ship, creating an almost haunting ambiance. After another ten minutes, she stopped working, stopped humming, and seemed as if she had stopped breathing.

"No, no, no!" She began to panic.

"What is it?"

The ship did a sharp turn, making him fall out of his chair.

"We're in the wrong galaxy completely!"

"What? But we followed her out here."

"No, not according to a recent update in her location. There isn't even a sufficient phazon supply there!"

"Where would that be?"

"In a place I would rather not be."

The ship was put in hyper-speed. The days went by slowly and there wasn't much to see. There were a few asteroid belts, many planets, and a plethora of metal chunks littering the galaxies. As they approached their destination, Samus was slightly more talkative. Why she was so quiet all of a sudden, he may never know.

"Soâ€|" She started, thinking of what to say. "How has this little detour in your original travels been?"

"Are you referring to the sudden change in Dark Samus' location or working with you for eleven days?"

"The latter one."

"An experience of sorts."

"That's all I get to know. You truly are a man of mystery."

"I don't have much of an opinion."

"On this 'experience of sorts' or in general?"

He glared at her. "Of course I have an opinion; I just don't know what to think about this."

"Is the little dictator in your head directing you not to tell me or are you really without a view about me?"

"By dictator are you referring to Cortana?"

"No, I'm referring to a little fairy yelling 'Hey, look, listening!' hovering over your shoulder."

"Cortana is having a conversation with Adam if you hadn't noticed."

"You really don't know what to think of me?"

He changed the subject quickly. "What planet is Dark Samus on if not Oorimine II as predicted?" He changed the subject quickly.

"â€|"

"K-2L." Adam answered. "This is Samus' home. Once enormous forest were there, now burnt ashes. There are mines full of afloraltite, a very good fuel that could be used for massive weaponry. It was once a lush, lively planet, until the Space Pirates followed the Chozo there and destroyed all life. Samus is the sole survivor of the attack."

"If I wanted him to know that I would have told him." She hissed.

"I was only informing-."

"I would have told him if it were necessary!"

"I'll pretend I didn't hear a thing." He shrugged.

"Pretending isn't good enough!" She turned around and kicked him in the face.

Reflexively he fought back. He quickly stood up, grabbed her foot, and flipped her over his shoulder. She recovered quickly and kicked him in between the shoulder blades. In return, he punched her, delivering a blow strong enough to send her flying into the wall. She jumped back up and slammed him against the wall. She slid the dagger from his sheath and pressed it against his throat.

"Don't ever fight back, got it?" Her eyes were full of anger.

He kneed her in the stomach, causing her to drop the dagger and fall to the ground. He placed a foot on her stomach to hold her down.

"Don't ever attack me, got it?" He retorted.

She struggled to escape but couldn't. "Should activate the suit, but I don't feel like kicking your ass right now."

"You wish."

"The view from down here isn't that bad." She smirked.

"What do you mean by that?"

"There's only one variable that would make this better."

"What?"

"If I told you, you would probably kill me."

"You say a lot of things that make me want to kill you."

"Let's just say that suit you wear underneath your armor is skin tight and I can get a pretty good image in my mind of what you look

like without it, or with nothing on for that matter."

He jumped back, startled. "You disgust me."

Once she got up from the floor, she kicked him in the groin. "That was the point." She smirked.

He winced and leaned against the wall.

"What? Not so strong now, are you?" She taunted.

"Ma'am, the engine is failing." Adam blurted out.

"What?"

"The nearest planet to land on would be Nest."

"Nest? You're kidding me. Nest can't be the closest planet!"

"Nest?" Cortana butted in.

"After a battle on Zebes I was mortally injured, so I went to Nest to rest a while. All I can tell you is that I hate that planet, absolutely hate it."

"We should be landing in an hour or so."

"Let me guess, I'll have to fix the engine by hand?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Fun." She sighed.

He replaced his armor before they landed. She donned the Varia suit. She eventually apologized, presumably to get him to help with the engine.

This planet, Nest, was a giant purple rock floating in space with a strange glowing field around it. It could have been inhabited due to its atmosphere, natural water source, and flora that were on the surface. She claimed that there was no life here, but he was cautious anyways.

He sat on top of the gunship whilst she fixed the engine. While she did so, she was mumbling something to herself. He found her troubles to be almost amusing. He knew that that was rather inconsiderate of him, but it's not as if he had said it.

"Would you mind getting off your lazy ass and helping me?" She hollered.

"How can I be of assistance?" He said sarcastically, hopping off the gunship.

"Stop being a smart ass and try to find a problem here, because the engine looks fine to me."

He examined the engine for a minute, not finding a single problem.

"It looks quite alright to me. Then again, this isn't exactly my area of expertise."

"I've even scanned this thing and the whole ship is fine, engine and all! How is there a problem that I'm not finding?"

"It seems as if the engine fixed itself." Adam blurted out.

"What was wrong in the first place?"

"I'm not sure; I only informed you that the ship said there was a problem."

"Maybe it was just a glitch?" Cortana suggested.

A neon blue blast flew over her shoulder. "While you kept an eye on my ship, I hacked yours." The demon cackled.

OoO

It was the one person that she was hoping not to find. "I thought you were calling my home yours now." Samus glared at the phazon copy.

"I like it there, just as much as I enjoy the thought of hearing you perish!" Dark Samus dashed at Samus, knocking her into the gunship.

John simply grabbed Dark Samus, hoisted her into the air, and threw her some fifty feet away. Samus activated the ice missiles and shot Dark Samus while she was still on the ground. Dark Samus's appendages were frozen to the ground and Samus shot a super missile right where her head was. In an instant, the double disappeared before the missile hit her. This caught her off guard for Dark Samus had never done this before. She began to panic for she knew not where the creature would appear. She changed her visor to thermal to see if she could pick up on the heat signatures the phazon produced. Nothing unusual was in the environment.

"I don't like your twin so far." He joked.

"If she was my twin she would have tore her way out of my mother rather than being birthed. There is a difference between evil, destructive copy, and twin. Think of it this way, I was born from a human being, and she's from the printer in hell."

"Your logic is strange."

Suddenly Dark Samus came up behind him and shot him with a blast of phazon. He was barely affected by this and recovered within seconds. Samus turned around, incidentally hitting her in the head. Accident or not, it was damage. She then set the beam to the wave beam and shot it into Dark Samus's mid section whilst dazed. In return, Dark Samus shot her, knocking her a few feet back. John quickly ran over to Dark Samus, stabbing the knife he had into the neon blue visor. With her free hand, Dark Samus grabbed his wrist, slowly stabbing her claws into him to inject some phazon. Her grip was so tight that it cracked the bone. Samus recklessly shot a missile at Dark Samus's head, hitting the target dead center. She screeched and a dark, blue, swirling portal appeared. She pushed him out of the way and ran through it, it instantly closing after she entered.

She ran over to his side. "Are you alright?" Her voice was filled

with concern.

"Yeahâ€| I'm fine."

"First we should get off this planet. Secondâ€| She examined his wrist. "This is bad. Very bad."

"She didn't break it, merely fractured it if that."

"That's not why I'm concerned. The phazon she was nice enough to give you is much more than expected from a simple stab of the claws."

They boarded the ship and set a course for K-2L.

"What's so bad about phazon?"

"Too much of it and you'll lose your sanity, or your soul."

"My soul or my sanity? Is there an alternative?"

"Yes, not being affected at all how I'm not nowadays. It doesn't seem like it's enough to kill you or make you go crazy, but just enough so you won't be your normal self."

"What do you mean by that?"

"As your body fights off the phazon, your mind will be trying to prevent the phazon from breaching, thus you'll often have headaches, pulses of pain, and you might be weaker than usually, mentally, physically mainly, and partially emotionally. You, being as strong as you are, will probably not suffer much from the phazon."

He sighed. "So the phazon will eventually get out of my system, right?"

"Depends."

"On what?"

"If I like you enough to see there's anything I can do to help." She smiled and faintly laughed. "Lucky for you, I happen to like you a lot. As in a friendâ€| only a friend."

"So far our encounters with Dark Samus have been short; she doesn't appear to be an extreme threat. Are your encounters always like that?"

"Not always, she just disappears faster because there are two of us, and she is well aware that she is not strong enough to defeat both of us."

"I just hope that we don't meet her again for a while, or until we reach K-2L." He yawned.

"Yeah, until K-2L. Anyways, you seem tired; do you want to rest while I report to the Galactic Federation?"

"That sounds quite pleasing, thank you." He sat down.

"You can sleep in my room if you want, just don't wear your armor, I made that mistake once."

"Thank you, again." He walked through the door, leaving her alone.

She sighed. She figured that her bed would smell like him in the morning, but she didn't mind that. She relaxed in the chair, settling on if she was going to contact Admiral Dane or not. She decided that it would be best to and inform him of their previous encounter, and notify him about her 'friend'.

After a long conversation, she was exhausted. It was hard to explain whatever this UNSC was when she wasn't even clear about it. Admiral Dane sounded rather interested in the subject, and he asked if she would bring John to the federation so they could find out more. She agreed to bring him, but she wasn't exactly sure if he would cooperate.

She began to wonder about the Spartan more and more as the days went by. He was unusually emotionless to the point where it almost scared her, he was extremely tough and was quite the expert in battle, and he certainly wasn't the kind of person you would want to anger. Cortana had mentioned that he had been experimented on, but she knew there was more to the story.

She thought more and more, less in a professional sense though. She had only known him for two weeks or so and she couldn't help but imagine all the things that could become of this. She had always enjoyed being independent and working alone, that is until she met him. Whenever they were just sitting in the same room, she couldn't help but feel wooed. She knew very well that she wanted much more than a partnership out of him, but she knew just as well that that would never happen.

She turned off Adam's program for the night, walked over to the door, and peeked inside. John was asleep, but he was muttering something. She strutted over to his side and looked at his wrist, making note of the slight burn marks from where the phazon had scorched. His wrist looked fine, and she doubted that there would be any major effects due to the phazon.

She sat on the floor next to him for thirty minutes or so, restless. Finally, she felt tired after another hour. She lied down on the opposing side, giving him as much room as possible. Maybe she would roll off the bed and wake up before he did.

** Yeah, go ahead and tell me that Samus is an emotional asshole. Well, it is opening old wounds for her to return there and she would prefer that her 'friend' doesn't know much more than that it is Dark Samus' current location. Anyways, I am going to go back to eating my Super Mario soup while you kind citizens leave a review or private message; or the common case of not leaving a review at all and I'm left alone crying in front of my computer because I don't know if you like it or not. Whatever floats your boat!**

6. Chapter 6

The long trip had finally neared an end, and they landed on the

surface of K-2L. She seemed to be fine, but he knew that there was something more to her connection to the planet. The surface, scorched, burned, charred, and was the color of charcoal where the buildings once stood. The sand was a red, a dull color, and blew through the wind, creating an irritating sound as it pounded against their metal helmets. What once was a lush forest was now ashes and crooked, malformed shrubs. There was no life for miles, and the planet had an unsettling aura.

As they passed the buildings, she scraped her fingers on the burnt walls. The sound only added to the eerie aura the planet opposed. It wasn't the nicest place to be, but at least her home planet hadn't been blown to smithereens.

"It feels good to be home!" She said aloud.

She stopped and leaned against a wall.

"Shouldn't we continue?"

"I just want to think for a little while. You can continue, contact me if you find her."

He nodded and proceeded.

He went through the town, feeling sympathetic for her pains. He had thought about his home planet many times before, he figured it must have ended up similar to here. More than sympathy, he almost felt sad. The dreary, colorless, dead planet made you feel like the souls of the once living helpless people were piling up on your shoulders, dragging you down.

Her haunting tune echoed through her home, seeming to be the only sound. As he continued, he came across a trail of scattered bones, some like charcoal, some full of holes. Sticking out of the red sand was the corner to a piece of paper. Of course, he had to see what it was.

It was a photo of an enthusiastic blonde haired, bright blue-eyed child, hoisted on a man's shoulders, next to a woman who ironically looked like Samus. He continued to examine the photo, finding some writing on the back that was neatly written.

Aug. 6, 2517

Rodney, Virginia, and Samus Aran

Samus looked more like a boy than a girl with such short hair. Why the photo was here though and not with her, he was uncertain of. He headed back towards her location, bringing the photograph with him. She was curious to why he was returning and stood up.

"What did you find?"

"This belongs to you unless there is another Samus Aran." He handed her the photograph.

Underneath the visor, he could see her eyes fill with sorrow. "Oh! thanks."

There was an almost awkward moment of silence.

"Let's walk." She headed in the direction of the mine. "You know who you remind me of?"

"Who?"

She handed him the picture he had found. "My dad. Except you are about a foot taller, and you're much stronger. And we're not related."

After he looked at it for a minute, he handed it back. "I guess. But of the two of us resembling a parent, you look more like your mother than I do your dad."

She smirked underneath her helmet. "Apart from the fact that we're not married and we don't have an intergalactic bounty hunter for a child."

"True that."

She took off her helmet. "I always enjoyed how this place smelled."

He figured that she wanted him to remove his own helmet, so he did. Surprisingly, it didn't smell like absolute death and depression. "I suppose it doesn't smell too bad."

He looked around despite there not being much to view. He was hoping that they would find Dark Samus soon, for this was becoming to eerie and unusual for there not to be a threat nearby. The mine was straight ahead, and many smaller ships were in front of it. The Space Pirates must have arrived hours before them.

He quickened his pace but she grabbed his arm. "Can I tell you something?"

"You could have this whole walk. I would love to finish up here and head home."

"I'll just get to the point then."

She kissed him. It wasn't the most unexpected thing of the last two weeks, but it wasn't the most normal thing either. He was too shocked to do anything.

"Ohâ€|"

"Just thought I would get that off my chest." She replaced her helmet and continued into the cave.

An explosion came from inside the mine.

The two dashed off at last in the directions of the explosion. After running there for a few minutes, they came across the 'copy from hell' as Samus had put it. Dark Samus seemed completely unaware of their presence, and continued yelling at the reckless pirates as they harvested a floraltite. Samus was about to slyly attack the double when a Space Pirate let out a warning, thus Dark Samus turned around, bashing Samus in the helmet. Samus quickly recovered and began to

shoot rapidly at Dark Samus. He knew that the bullets don't affect the armor much, so he obliterated the Space Pirates attacking them. He found it to be almost fun to kill them after being cooped up in the gunship in outer space for the past week. After killing about one hundred or so, he focused on Dark Samus at last.

Samus had already taken a good amount of life out of her, but it couldn't hurt to help demolish the creature. After he shot the neon blue visor, she was greatly distracted by him. She began to only attack him, for she was struggling with a divided attention. Samus turned into morph ball, rolled right under her feet without her even acknowledging, placed a bomb, and rolled away right as it blew her off the ground. Samus then jumped over the copy and shot her in the dead center of her helmet with a super missile.

Dark Samus let out a horrible screech and began to fade in and out. Underneath her helmet, Samus had a huge grin. "Thanks." She glanced at him.

"Always have to help a damsel in distress."

"I'm not a noble, and I wasn't in distress."

"So that's it? Dark Samus is dead at last?"

"I guess that means it is time to take you back home."

"Yeahâ€| home."

"You sound like you don't want to."

"They need me back home and that's what matters."

"You need to get an opinion of your own."

The two continued walking when she heard the charge of the arm canon. She looked over her shoulder to see that Dark Samus released the zero laser and it was about to impel the both of them. Reflexively, she pushed him to the ground to keep him from being hit. After taking the blow, she flew some fifty feet away and was slammed up against the wall. Dark Samus cackled and opened up a portal.

"Better watch out next time Hunter, if there is a next time! And I'll make sure to tell mommy dearest that you failed miserable to save the universe, and that you can't even save yourself!" She walked through the portal, still laughing.

He quickly ran over to her side. "Samus! Are you okay?"

"I thought that you wereâ€| the one with the good reflexes." The power suit dematerialized.

He scooped her up and began to run back to her gunship. "It'll be okay, I promise."

"Not this time, I'm notâ€| not going to be okay."

"Just try to stay alive, alright kid?"

"Easier said than doneâ€|"

"The galaxy still needs you."

"Whatâ€| has the galaxyâ€| ever done for me?"

"Screw the universe, I need you!"

"As obviousâ€| as this is, I'm still goingâ€| to say it."

"What?"

"I hate itâ€| when you call me kid."

"That's not as obvious as you think."

After running for some time, they finally reached the gunship. Once they boarded he placed her gently on her bed, went and set a course for the nearest GF location, which was a few days away. He sat down by her limp self.

"Chiefâ€| She whispered.

"Yes?"

"I am soâ€| so sorry."

"For what? You didn't do-."

"I love youâ€| so much."

End
file.